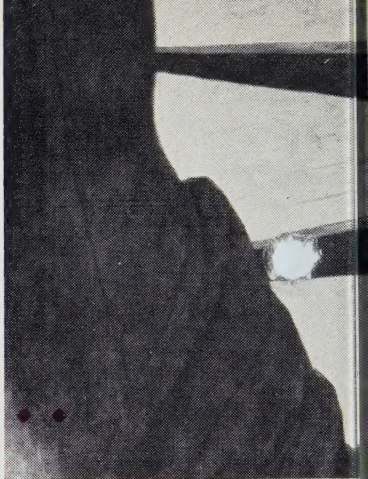


*Youth*  
JUNE 23, 1963

THE RIGHT TO BE YOURSELF



# WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. . .



H. L. Mencken used to delight in describing these United States as "a mob of serfs" whose average intelligence is so low that any citizen who has read a dozen books and does not believe in hobgoblins is sure to be roaring success. No phase of American life escaped the merciless fusillade of Mencken's mockery: the church, women, the home, the YMCA, the press, mother love, patriotism. He lambasted the courts, the Congress and the clergy. He named judges he considered crooked, politicians he considered scoundrels, reformers he considered frauds, and ministers he considered idiots. He had the sharpest eye since Mark Twain for anything that partook of the phony or that threatened to tread on that holiest of holy grounds, individual freedom.

It is a testimonial to the American way of life that Mencken was neither tried for treason nor lynched. You may wonder how he escaped it. There is no real cause for wonder. The secret lies in that consensus that is at the heart of what we mean by freedom: We defend the rights of those we hate or fear or despise.

The greatest political invention known to the race of man is the idea that men shall be protected in their sacred right to criticize the state itself; that every man shall be free to think what he pleases, read what he pleases, say what he pleases—so long as it is within the bounds of decency and does not incite others to violence.

The entire structure of our freedom rests on political ground rules that separate opinions from crimes, the unpopular from the subversive, the disturbing from the dangerous. To distinguish ideas from deeds, what a man says from what he does, is something tyrants, lunatics, demagogues, and Communists cannot understand. Being too fanatical to tolerate argument, the political barbarians punish men for asking questions and slaughter them for raising doubts.





It is one of the crowning ironies of politics that the far Left and the far Right have more in common with each other than either does with the middle. For both the radical Left and the reactionary Right are enemies of moderation. They talk of freedom, but are driven by fanaticism. They may espouse democracy, but do not begin to understand its very heart: civil liberties. If we visualized politics not as a straight line, with a left and right, but as a circle—the far Left and Right would meet, as they should. For they have this in common: They would use force to enforce their prejudices. They feel threatened by diversity. They would, if they could, beat up, imprison, deport or kill a good many of us.

Democracy is the only political system that makes it possible to effect *change without violence*. Under no other form of government is it possible to rearrange the structure of power without killing off some people, disenfranchising others, jailing or exiling a good many. (The British can legislate more sweeping changes on shorter notice than we can, since Parliament is not hobbled by constitutional chains; we may all thank God that Congress is.)

We govern ourselves by rules that describe the ways in which we can even remove our governors. And a society of maximum liberties works only because we accept the obligation to check the natural human impulse to beat up those we dislike, imprison those we fear, or murder those we hate. Democracy works because of ten central ideas that we have made sacred:

1. **Political power is power over others**, and power over others must always be watched, guarded, circumscribed.
2. **No man, no group, no sect, no party** ever has a monopoly on truth, virtue and competence.
3. **This means that no man, no group, no party is wise enough and good enough and sane enough** to be entrusted with too much power. For

good men are often silly and competent men are often wicked, and even the combination of virtue and ability in no way guarantees judgment or reason or sanity. Good intentions do not necessarily lead to good results; purity of heart is not always linked to political skill or emotional balance. Human history is studded with tragedy precisely because too often have "sincere" and passionate men seized power (or bamboozled others into letting them exercise it) to do what *they* happen to think best.

4. **Those we like may be wrong; those we hate may be right.** The only way to find out what is best, for whom, is to let the ideas and theories, however disturbing, roll out in uninterrupted contest. The right to talk creates the duty to listen.
5. **Freedom dies under dogma.** In a free society, no person or group or policy can be permitted to exist beyond scrutiny, criticism, even ridicule. When dogma gains enough power to punish those who oppose it becomes fanaticism. When dogma is invested with enough power to suppress opposition, it becomes tyranny. And when men are afraid to say what they think—however cockeyed or unpopular it may be—freedom has been violated, for it has been corrupted by fear.
6. **The only thing worse than a too powerful minority,** is a too powerful majority. Government must at all costs protect all minorities against any majority—including the government itself.
7. **Every man has a right to opportunity,** to respect, to fair treatment under law. Justice is a right, not a favor. No man shall be penalized for his parentage or his pigmentation or his faith.
8. **No man, however disagreeable or dangerous, shall be denied an open trial,** on specific charges. No man shall be judged by the same people who accuse him. Every man has the right to confront those who accuse him and try to prove them liars.
9. **It is up to the authorities to prove a man guilty;** it is not up to a man to prove himself innocent.
10. **The true and final purpose of government** is so to arrange life that each man can do what he damned pleases—so long as it does not harm or menace others.

This decalogue of freedom rests, of course, on the conviction that government must protect men from each other's stupidity, greed and passions. I know of nothing in nature more immense than man's stupidity, more nauseating than his greed, or more terrifying than his irrationality.

Winston Churchill once remarked that democracy is the worst possible system of government, but has one permanent virtue: It happens to be better than any other system men have been able to devise. The rabble-rouse always claim to know a better, quicker, more "efficient" way of dealing with our problems. Well, a prison is about as efficient an institution as man has invented—but who wants to live in it?

LEO ROSTEN



"Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law?" And Jesus replied, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets."

(Matthew 22: 35-40)

If any one says, "I love God," and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen. And this commandment we have from him, that he who loves God should love his brother also.

# Youth

June 23, 1963

Volume 14 Number 13

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YOUTH magazine is prepared for the young people of the United Church of Christ. Published biweekly throughout the year by United Church Press. Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis 3, Mo. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.


Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, \$3.00 a year. For group rates write for order blank. Single copies, 15 cents each.

Subscription offices: Division of Publication, Board for Homeland Ministries, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa., or The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.



The sun rises hot in Birmingham, and with it the passions and yearnings of 200,000 deprived citizens. But on May 2 more than 1000 teenagers decided that the hour had come to do more than face the rising sun with the dreary despair of their elders.

The Sixteenth Street Baptist Church was crowded at 8:00 a. m. instead of going to school that Thursday, youth decided to come to church. In another hour the hundreds of young people were singing and clapping hands to an old spiritual which had been given a new meaning, "Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on Freedom," and sounds echoed across the park seeming to draw hundreds more from all parts of the city. The meeting sounded like a cross between an old time revival and the State basketball tournament, as students came in groups of twenty and thirty calling out the



**EVERYBODY  
WANTS  
FREEDOM . . .**



names of their schools as they entered the church. "I'm on my way to Freedom Land," they sang, but in reality they were on their way to jail, and they somehow knew that the way to Freedom was via City Jail, or "Bull Connor's Chapel" as their friends had come to term it after their visits a few weeks before. Why was this happening now? Was it just another fad like panty raids, or did these kids really know what they were up to?

I had been in Birmingham almost a month when this day came around. You might say that we had worked to make it possible, though in truth none of us ever imagined it would happen the way it did. It could not have happened except that the frustrations and desire for dignity were already present in the hearts of each of these kids. All we did was give them a means of creative expression. ▶



Birmingham, Alabama / A Negro youth is forced to the ground by water from police fire hoses.



To be a Negro in Birmingham, Alabama, is like being in a concentration camp without bars. The atmosphere is oppressive. You are humiliated daily by signs which say only white people can drink water here, only white people can work here, only white people can play here, only white people can see this movie, only white people can eat here, only white people can use this rest room. Your whole life is limited by things over which you have no control, and it makes you mad. Negroes have always been mad. They have always revolted against these conditions. They have always sought Freedom. But . . . never before has there been any possibility of achieving it. The mere sign of discontent brought the iron hand of police authority down on one's neck.

Unfortunately, Negroes tried to find ways to escape this problem. When God has given you a good mind, and you know what you are capable of accomplishing and yet your society connives to restrain you in this pursuit the only avenue of relief is to get drunk and forget your troubles for a while. The young people may lose interest in life and give up, seeking escape from the violence of juvenile gangs, or in the flight North or to the Armed Forces and in early marriage and promiscuous sex activities.

Now the nonviolent movement under the leadership of Martin Luther King has given the Negro an acceptable way of protesting which allows him to find creative channels for doing something about this situation. As a result, young people who are tired of being pushed around and stepped on by society are getting together to remake that society in such a way that everyone will have an equal opportunity, and a life free from oppression. The nonviolent movement is rooted in our Christian heritage. It is based on a faith that the world is a part of God's moral order and that when evil is exposed, there are forces within the world that will seek to root it out.

The Negro knows that his life is unjust. But most people never stop to realize the humiliation that goes with the second-class citizenship accorded to persons of color in the United States. When 3000 Negroes get together and say to the world that we are being treated like animals and we will have no more of it, even if you beat us, throw us in jail, turn fire hoses on us, or let police dogs bite us, the world realizes that here is a wrong in our society that must be corrected.

Soon the forces of good in the community and the nation will go to work to try to resolve this situation and give some relief to it. In 1956, when 50,000 Negroes in Montgomery refused to ride the busses on which they were being segregated and mistreated, the end result was the beginning of bus desegregation. In 1960, when students across the South began to seek service at lunch counters, the end result in 1963 is more than 200 cities that have desegregated lunch counters. Now in Birmingham the Negro citizens are asking for lunch counter desegregation, equal job opportunity, an end to police brutality, and a new start toward a truly democratic society by means of a biracial committee to deal with race problems in the future. W



## CHANGES ARE THE HEROES OF OUR DEMOCRACY

are confident that these things will be accomplished. In fact, they have already been agreed to by representatives of the business community.

The young people accomplishing these changes are the heroes of our democracy. They are also ordinary boys and girls who have discovered for themselves the meaning of the Cross: that when you are willing to suffer for what is right, God will transform that condition and establish a new order of Justice. These youth come to us only with a willingness to stand together in the face of possible suffering. We teach them what we can, and God does the rest. The result is almost miraculous.

The training consists of learning the background of the nonviolent movement in the New Testament teaching "love your enemies, bless those that persecute you," and the practical applications of this spirit which have been made by Gandhi in India, and Thoreau and Martin Luther King in the U. S. This is accompanied by some practical advice on conduct in the demonstrations and in jail, and a trial period in which persons are actually subjected to some physical harassment to see if they can control their tempers under attack. When this is finished they are ready to go into action.

On May 2, 959 young people left the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church and marched into paddy wagons and school busses which carted them off to the City Jail. Most of them were charged with parading without a permit, although they were in groups of fifty or less, walking on the sidewalk and observing all traffic signals. Only a month before, the Supreme Court of the United States had reaffirmed the rights of Americans under the first amendment to the Constitution, which gives us the right to peacefully protest wrongs in our society. In the case of 187 students in South Carolina, the court said that this right is much too precious to be curtailed through local officials seeking to preserve the status quo. But in Birmingham, Negroes have no constitutional rights and so these young people went to jail, singing "We shall overcome," and "Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'roun."

In Birmingham we were fortunate that there were no acts of violence against the demonstrators. However, all demonstrators are instructed not to retaliate in the event of violence. The youth have come to understand that receiving physical violence together in a planned public demonstration is much better than continuing to suffer individually from the physical and psychological violence customary in Birmingham for the past 25 years.

The one instance when violence threatened a group of demonstrators was when they were joined by a young white college student from Birmingham Southern College. The presence of this young lady, herself a native of Alabama and the daughter of a Methodist minister, so enraged the crowd of white bystanders that we felt it necessary to cut short the sit-in at Woolworth's for fear that she be singled out and mobbed by the crowd. In this case we remained close together and moved quietly and orderly through a side door. The calm and discipline of the young people demonstrating was perhaps the only thing that prevented bloodshed on this occasion. The

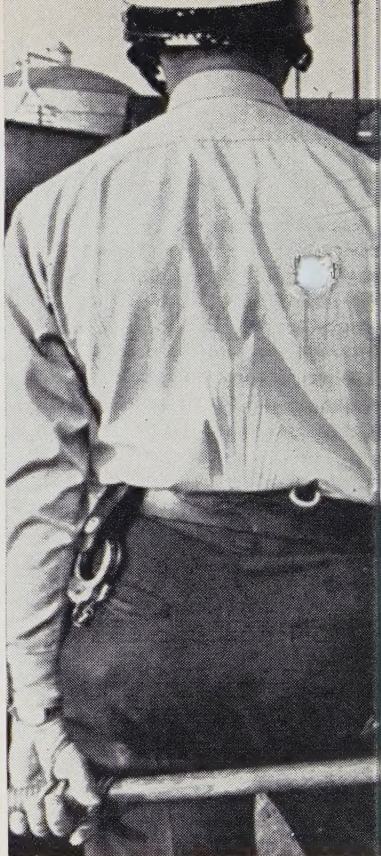
young lady, however, was expelled from school as soon as she returned to the campus.

It is amazing that young people who are usually moved to respond to the slightest provocation by striking back can attain such heights of non-violent discipline. Even the crowd of observers to our demonstrations, which usually numbered several thousand, was largely nonviolent. There were, of course, some hoodlums who joined the crowd and engaged in rock throwing at the police, but this was usually after the demonstrations were over and all trained demonstrators jailed. Then the police began their brutal methods of trying to disperse the crowds with dogs and fire hoses. Even then, however, a small force of young people circulating through the crowd prevented riots on several occasions and helped the police to keep the crowd under control.

This action of helping the police was one of the real triumphs of the nonviolent approach. The police were our enemies, and yet as the days went by and the pressure increased, instead of them getting meaner, we began to get to know one another and learn

each other's names. Finally one day after a near riot was quenched by the joint efforts of police and persons from the movement, one of the police officers offered a sandwich to one of the young ministers leading the demonstrations and they stood together in friendly conversation in spite of the fact that Bull Connor, the police commissioner of Birmingham, cursed them both out for daring to befriend one another.

This is the tragedy and the glory of Birmingham. For the young people it meant suffering long nights and days in jail, with bad food and crowded conditions, and yet they found a new faith and courage in those days of confinement. The jail discipline of prayer and Bible study three times a day, accompanied by the common suffering and commitment of the situation, resulted in a deepening of Christian spirit which one seldom finds in youth. In spite of the hardship, youth were released from jail, went home to rest up, bathe and get a good meal for a change, and in a few days they



While police stand





Protestors in Birmingham, Ala., kneel in prayer.

were joining demonstrations again, going back to jail with their minds on Freedom.

Unfortunately, the world does not understand the way of the Cross. It is still "a stumbling block to the Jews and foolishness to the Greeks," as the apostle Paul put it. Our modern churchmen are usually like these people, relying on the tradition of their fathers for salvation, or depending on their own wisdom for salvation through gradual and moderate means. But whenever men or youth dare to follow Christ down the road of suffering, a miracle is wrought.

The cross is easily defined for Negroes in the South these days. The opportunities are far more subtle and ambiguous for Christians in other places. But there is not a single area of the world in which prejudice in some form does not exist, and where society is not unjust to somebody. As Christians we are called to work toward the realization of God's order among

men, and there may be Crosses lurking in our own neighborhoods for us to bear.

But on the issue of race, there is a great deal to be done especially. The United States cannot preach democracy for all while depriving persons of color of equal education, fair housing, equal job opportunities, and many other aspects of human dignity. The main problem facing our nation today is the problem of color. Gradual, evolutionary schemes are no longer adequate, for the tide of history is moving at a revolutionary pace, and persons of color are demanding Freedom Now, for Everyman. Furthermore, this problem cannot be solved by the South alone. At the time of the war between the states, it was largely the Christian preaching of the Abolitionists from the North who confronted the nation continuously with the immorality of slavery. This confrontation created the climate for the end of slavery.

Now we need persons who will proclaim loudly enough the basic rights guaranteed by our constitution so that Washington will move forthrightly to secure these rights for all men, even those in Alabama. There are still many places where Negroes are not even allowed to vote, and years after the Supreme Court ruling against segregated schools, only seven per cent of the school districts are desegregated and most of those in only a token fashion with less than 100 students actually involved in integrated classes. Negroes are still the last to be hired and the first to be fired all over the nation. Housing for Negroes is confined to limited areas of ghettos in most cities and our suburbs panic at the thought of having Negro neighbors.

We will continue to have situations like the one in Birmingham until Christians are willing to face these problems. Jackson, Miss., may be next, but it could also be Los Angeles, Detroit, Philadelphia, or your own hometown. No area is exempt from this problem, and no one in America will truly be free until we overcome our fears and prejudices and we are *all* free.

I am confident that "We Shall Overcome." In fact, we must overcome. If we cannot learn to live together with different skin colors or cultural backgrounds after 400 years of living and working together here in the United States, there is no hope for Western Civilization amid a world made up of a majority of persons of color.

—ANDREW J. YOUNG

### WHO IS ANDY YOUNG?

Rev. Andrew Young is a friend of teens, a witness to a relevant gospel, and a fighter for the rights of all men. Andy was born in New Orleans 31 years ago. After growing up in Georgia, he graduated from Howard University in Washington, D.C. He received his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. and is an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ. He served two churches in Georgia before he became associate director of youth work for the National Council of Churches. In 1961 Andy joined the staff of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, whose president is Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Andy heads the voter registration drive of the SCLC and is also one of its chief planning strategists. Andy lives in Atlanta with his wife and three children, but for the last few months he has been in Birmingham, Ala., working closely with teen demonstrators there.





Young Americans like to go to work on a Saturday in Chicago.

Rarely has anything printed in *YOUTH* magazine caused as much controversy—and thought—as the poem by Lawrence Ferlinghetti in the April 14 issue of *YOUTH*. In our May 26 issue we printed a sampling of the letters of protest and our interpretation of the poem. The following are excerpts from letters written in response to our May 26 issue.

### **We wish to protest, too!**

I am disgusted with the protests of so many people against Ferlinghetti's "Sometime During Eternity." Don't they realize that he is merely expressing the cynicism of the modern generations, which are crucifying Christ daily with their smug unconcern and self-satisfaction?

How many of them have tried to help and understand someone who needed them? How many of them have made Christ live for someone else instead of leaving "Him just hang there . . . looking real Petered out and . . . real dead"? I just hope that Ferlinghetti with his raw crudeness will make them think twice. We youth *know* that life—and the crucifixion—isn't a pleasant scene.

—M.M., Vero Beach, Fla.

The Ferlinghetti poem is not a beautiful poem and it shouldn't be. However, it speaks in contemporary metaphor to a sedated church. Having used it with young people and adult leadership training groups, I know that it speaks directly to many young people—which after all is the group to which the magazine is addressed—and to adults who will take the time to listen and ponder what the man says.

## **touch & go**

The reaction is both a wholesome and pathetic sign. Even those who object reveal that they are not totally anesthetized but also, unfortunately, that it requires a strong blow to the solar plexus to evoke response. All of which serves only to emphasize the need for this church, which is supposed to be a living thing, embodying in significant fashion a living Lord—which suggests sensitivity to and awareness of life and the world, is for all practical purposes, "real dead"—to quote the poet. The poem is the cry of a contemporary man to a Lazarus-like Church. I join most desperately in the cry.

Three cheers for your willingness to include this sort of pertinent and penetrating material! Do not flag in your determination to seek, see, and speak the truth. We cannot afford another generation of complacent churchmanship. Could it be that the cries of outrage are from the last generation?

—G.B., Akron, O.

After reading the letters in the May 26 issue, I grabbed the April issue to see what terrible, BLASPHEMOUS, offensive poem you had dared to publish. What I found strikes me as a hard piece of criticism. It says that you Christians killed Christ and left him there. Maybe Ferlinghetti touched a nerve and Pavlov's experiments come home to roost, that if the animal is hurt his response is to jump so that he might avoid the pain. Or maybe those offended did not give the poet



much of a real hard look, but just skimmed it, like cream off of milk, leaving the substance with its protein and vitamin content behind.

The offended seem to be saying, "You hurt me badly. You made me see myself ignoring Christ." Others may have seen prophecy and learned, but they don't write letters to YOUTH, except R.B., who took the issue out on a very cognitive limb. And A.B., who caught the agony and the search that must have gone on around him, with love and understanding and acceptance. That's the only real lack in Ferlinghetti, but such love and understanding and acceptance is also missing in the letters of the offended.

—A.S., *Chicago, Ill.*

Thank you for printing the critical letters in your May 26 issue. I hope they inspire more persons, like myself, to come to your defense. I hope you will not be intimidated by the critical letters, but will maintain the stimulating quality of this magazine. If you yield to the uncomprehending readers who all seem to have a common desire to set themselves up as censors, you will become as insipid and useless as television which excludes everything "controversial." Your defense on page 19 of the May 26 issue is adequate but I doubt whether it will make many converts among the "squares."

—M.M., *Lake City, Minn.*

The poem by Ferlinghetti is one of the many fine things which have appeared in your magazine. I was not surprised by the reaction against it. There will always be people who want their poetry, paintings, and

essays to come to them in a book of *Ideals* (a book, incidentally, which I believe is more of an indication of how sick we really are than MAD magazine will ever be.) There will always be people who prefer Norman Rockwell and Edgar Guest and Sallman and Billy Graham. This may be satisfactory for some, but personally I prefer more meat than that.

In the field of communication—art, poetry, novel, movie, sermon—quality will always be offensive. It will jolt and disturb *simply because it does communicate*. And few of us have the guts to hear the truth.

Whenever a thing qualifies for the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, send it to *Parents Magazine*, please. Shakespeare wouldn't have received the Seal of Approval, nor Van Gogh, nor Faulkner. John Chrysostom didn't, neither did Florence Nightingale in her day, and certainly not Phillips Brooks. Martin Luther didn't even come close. And if the Cross is any indication, neither did Jesus.

Continue to publish Ferlinghetti and his kind. Perhaps we may reach the place where we will be ready to read an unexpurgated copy of the Gospel of Mark, and by the grace of God, be saved, before it's too late.

—W.S., *York, Pa.*

## SUMMER SURPRISES!

During July and August we are combining our usual four biweekly issues of 32 pages into two monthly issues of 64 pages each. Our 64-page issue for JULY will feature a special HUMOR section, including an exclusive interview with the editor of MAD magazine. And our 64-page issue for AUGUST will be our Teen-age Creative Arts issue in which the best poems, essays, fiction, photos, and art in our 1963 Creative Arts Award competition will be published.



Watch him, or the first thing you know he'll be wanting to send his kids to our schools.

## SOME HUMOR?

Injustice and inequality have always been favorite targets of editorial cartoonists. Seldom do we recognize the absurdity of our personal prejudices, our blind conformity, and our indifference to truth as when a cartoon portrays the obvious in graphic simplicity.



this century of  
woe and  
rebellion!



our women depose us



our children defy us



the communists  
would liquidate

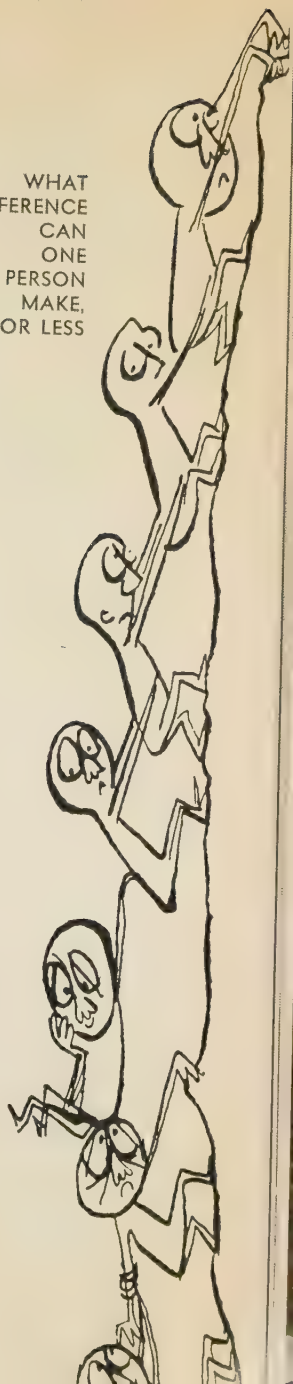




# DELINQUENT



WHAT  
DIFFERENCE  
CAN  
ONE  
PERSON  
MAKE,  
MORE OR LESS



ark-skinned people  
or the world want  
ther humiliate us

what did we adult,  
white, protestant,  
male, businessmen  
ever do to deserve  
such a world?

at least He is  
still one of us.

● in the ROUND

SONOS





# ALL AMERICA LOVES A BAND

**As the Red, White, and Blue proudly waves over the nation on this** Independence Day, the air resounds with the most stirring sounds known to man—the music of the marching band. All America loves a band. Is there anything quite like its sparkling and instantaneous appeal to young and old alike?

In the opinion of some ardent partisans, band music originated on the day Joshua gave the downbeat that sent the marchers seven times around the walls of Jericho. We may not wish to carry historical research that far, but it is a known fact that band music has had a venerable history the world over—both in war and peace. In our own country, it has been inseparably linked with our national history ever since the 1630's, when a small group of Dutch settlers first came together to give free concerts every Saturday afternoon at New York's Bowling Green. The music of the fife and drum quickened the steps of George Washington's weary, ill-clad soldiers. The Marine Band was present when Lincoln delivered his famous Gettysburg Address, and service bands have officiated at the Inauguration ceremonies of every President.

Today band music resounds whenever our armed forces gather. It enlivens sporting events, gives state fairs and political meetings a ceremonial air, adds a martial touch to patriotic celebrations, and fills the airwaves of the nation. It is played with rousing precision by the service bands, in impressive concert style by such time-honored organizations as the Goldman Band, and with spirited élan by the hundreds of college and high school groups that make up in youthful verve what they may lack in experience.

Band music recordings, too, have an illustrious history. They go back to the early years of the century, when bands were called upon to dispense

not only their accustomed specialties—marches, overtures, and concert pieces—but the popular novelties and dances of the day as well. The mighty name of John Philip Sousa towers over this era. It is unlikely that his stature will ever be surpassed among bandsmen, for Sousa's musicality and showmanship were without parallel and his compositions brought the popularity of band music to an unprecedented level.

The age of high fidelity has brought a new period of glory to band music, massed sonorities, sharp brilliance, and contrasting colors. One can only regret that the great bandmasters like John Philip Sousa (1854-1932), Arthur Pryor (1870-1942), and Edwin Franko Goldman (1878-1956) are no longer around to enjoy the tonal magnificence of band recordings like those of the Eastman Wind Ensemble under the direction of Frederick Fennell. There are, for example, three discs devoted to the music of Sousa (**Mercury 90264, 90284, and 90291**) which capture a substantial portion of the "March King's" some 130 known compositions with roof-raising spirit and rare virtuosity. Here, side by side with such world-wide favorites as **Stars and Stripes Forever**, **King Cotton**, and **The Washington Post March**, the aficionado will find such unfamiliar gems as **Glory of the Yankee Navy**, **Kansas Wildcats**, and **Pride of the Wolverines**.

The legendary Sousa Band now belongs to history, but the Goldman Band, founded in 1912, still brings open air concerts to thousands of New Yorkers, under the baton of Richard F. Goldman, who inherited his father's podium when the latter died in 1956. On the occasion of the band's fiftieth anniversary, **Capitol** issued a commemorative LP entitled "**Cavalcade of the American Band**" (**W 1688**) which offers a panoramic view of American martial music, some recorded here for the first time. Included are marches from the Revolutionary Wars, famous tunes of the Civil War era, Billings' familiar **Chester**, an oddity called **Santa Ana's Retreat**, which was the only march composed by Stephen Foster, marches by Victor Herbert and, of course, Sousa. Altogether, a rare treat for band enthusiasts, and a unique collection of Americana.

The last living link with the great tradition of American bandmaster-composers is Ohio-born Karl L. King. Now 72, a man of giant build and dignified demeanor, King has spent virtually his entire life in band music. A self-taught musician, he started composing in his teens, and joined a circus band at the age of nineteen. During his long association with circuses, including a tenure as bandmaster for the Barnum and Bailey's Circus, King composed hundreds of marches, galops, and novelties that are firmly established favorites with circus bands and performers all over America.

In 1920, Karl L. King settled in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and assumed the leadership of the town's municipal band. Bands enjoy huge popularity in the state of Iowa, a fact colorfully displayed in the recent musical and motion picture "**The Music Man**" (by Iowan Meredith Willson). Fort Dodge has shown its affection for King by naming a memorial bridge after him.



the town's most illustrious resident. But the man himself is still alive; his ramrod figure is often seen at band festivals and sporting events, leading the giant massed bands at half-time parades. His spirited collegiate marches have been recorded by a variety of bands, while some of the best circus marches are included in the most recent collections by the Eastman Wind Ensemble, entitled "Screamers" (Mercury 90314).

Nearly every college in America has a marching band to cheer the home team and to put on exhibitions on the gridiron field. Some colleges, however, go beyond mere entertainment: they have large concert bands under full-time directors. Players in such bands, besides receiving college credits, also get valuable ensemble experience, and often go on to careers as instrumentalists or conductors. Perhaps the outstanding college band in the nation is The University of Michigan Band, with a history going back to 1844. Two years ago the band went on an international tour which included Russia, and audiences everywhere applauded its amazing ensemble precisions. Returning home, the Michigan bandmen made a series of recordings for **Vanguard** (2100, 2124, 2125) under the eminent director, William D. Revelli. In a larger repertoire culled from gridiron and parade ground favorites the band exhibits a degree of versatility and virtuosity that is uncommon among amateur ensembles. In the full dimensions of stereo these performances are captured in all their sonic glory.

—GEORGE JELLINEK

## COVER STORY/

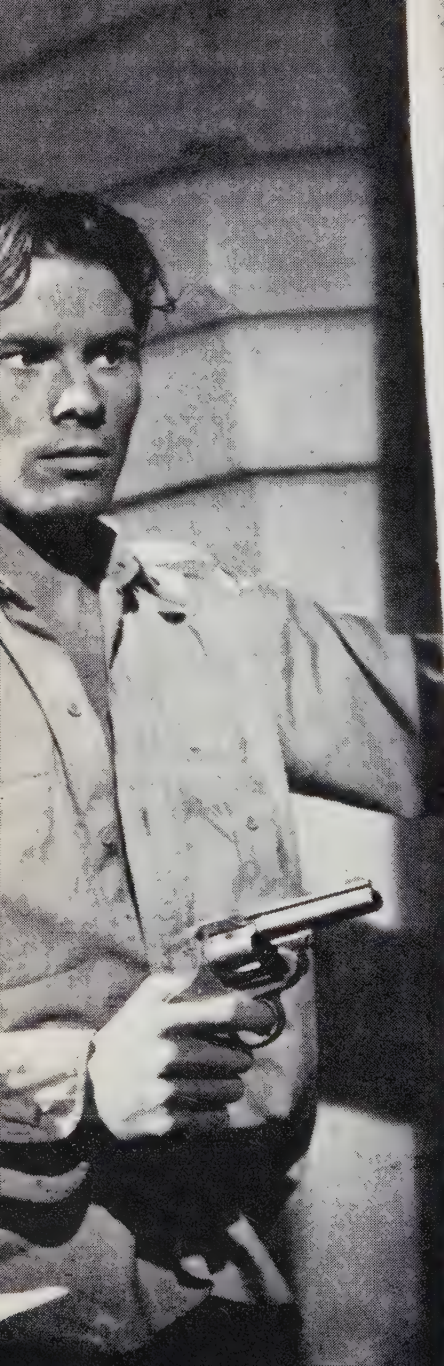
Rejection is hard to take—whether it comes from our parents, a steady date, or an employer. Usually such rejection lasts a brief moment, then passes. But some of us have faced rejection all of our lives simply because we are born with a different skin color, a different religious heritage, or a different economic status. Those of us suffering under such permanent rejection cannot see how we differ basically from others. Sure, we make mistakes. But so do others. We're all human. But whether our rejection is brief or permanent, all each of us wants is to be accepted and respected for what we are as individual persons, despite our differences. Just give us the right to be ourselves, and we'll accept the resulting responsibility. And that's why we've given this entire issue of **YOUTH** over to understanding human rights and how some seek to achieve such rights. Our cover photo features Rev. Andrew Young, a leader among those who seek equal rights for Negroes.

## CREDITS/

PHOTOS: 1, Kenneth Thompson; 2-3, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance, detail from painting by John Atherton; 6-7, 26, 27, 29 (top) United Press International; 10-11, Wide World Photos; 13, Carl Baldwin, photographer for the St. Louis **Post-Dispatch**, courtesy of the United Church **Herald**; 18, Philip Lesly Co., Chicago, Ill.; 22, 23, 24, 20th Century Fox; 28, American Friends Service Committee; 29 (bottom), New York **Herald Tribune**.

ARTISTS: Cartoons on pages 16 and 17 courtesy of **Concern**, Methodist social action magazine; **Motive**, Methodist college magazine; Alexander of the Philadelphia **Evening Bulletin**.

AUTHORS: Leo Rosten, Special Editorial Adviser of **Look** magazine, whose article is reprinted from **Look**, January 15, 1963, copyright, 1962, by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.; Rev. Andrew Young, minister of the United Church of Christ, who works on the staff of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Atlanta, Ga.; George Jellinek, a contributing editor of **HiFi/Stereo Review**; Charles Walker, college secretary, American Friends Service Committee, Middle Atlantic Region.



## The ASSASSIN

*Nine Hours to Rama/ produced and directed by Mark Robson, starring Horst Buchholz, Jose Ferrer, Valerie Gearson, Diane Baker, Robert Morley and J. S. Casshyap; released through 20th-Century Fox.*

How do you fight back against something you hate? Do you try to hurt or eliminate the one person in your life who seems to be the cause of all your troubles? Or do you honestly try to think through the reasons why you've got problems, why you hate something, why you wish to hurt someone else? In our zeal to fight back, we often lose sight of our true motivation. We forget the injustice we oppose. We are blinded to our own weaknesses. We become easy victims of our times, rather than facing up to the complex situation that nurtures our problems, our hatred, our revenge. Often we are our own biggest problem. And when we blame our problems on others, we help neither them nor ourselves. We are afraid to face up to our true selves because we fear rejection. Yet if we know we are truly loved, we are more secure in being honest with ourselves and others. Thus, the way of love can make it possible for men to be honest with one another. And only on honest dealings can secure relationships be built.

"Truth will make us survive," said Mahatma Gandhi, the frail, gentle man who led his people of India through war and turbulence to national freedom. He taught and lived the ways of non-violence. "Love will



nd the SAINT





So similar to the great Gandhi is the appearance of J. S. Casshyap that during the crowd scenes the Indian extras gasped and openly wept at the startling sight of "Gandhi" again walking through the Birla Gardens where Gandhi was slain.

conquer hate," he said. And one regrets that the movie, "Nine Hours to Rama," does not deal in greater depth with the life of Gandhi. Instead the movie dwells on the life of the 35-year-old fanatic who assassinated Gandhi on January 30, 1948, six months after India had gained her independence from England.

Natu Godse sought to kill the one man whom he felt was the sole cause of his own personal problems and the sole cause of the civil strife within his new-born independent homeland of India. But by succeeding in his intense determination to kill Mahatma Gandhi, Natu failed. Natu himself was his own biggest problem. The story of Natu Godse as told by the movie is fictional, and one suspects that it is exaggerated in an effort to appeal to the superficial romanticism of U. S. movie audiences. One cannot but wonder about the *true* story of the *real* assassin. And so we are cheated by our own desire for a tasty, fattening banana split rather than the nourishing, and so real, dish of rice. But despite its historical distortions, the movie



## Love will conquer hate. This is truth. This is God."

story of Natu gives us insight into the makings of a man who would kill a leader like Gandhi.

During those last fateful nine hours before Gandhi's death, we see Natu's life unfold in flashbacks. In his youth Natu is eager to join the British Army. It when he comes of age Natu is rejected by the British because he is of the top caste in India. His bitterness is quickly made deeper when his father and then Natu's child bride are killed by rioters in the outbursts of violence which spread throughout India. He becomes a journalist to fight Gandhi and his preaching of non-violence. Natu is impatient with the democratic processes. He cannot accept change. He is hurt by the past and shaken by the revolution of his time. He cannot face life honestly. He blames others for his problems. He exploits those about him. He uses women to his own advantage. He seems to lack ability to love anyone genuinely. And so, Natu seeks revenge. And as Gandhi staggers from Natu's fatal gun shots, he says to Natu, "I forgive you, my brother, I bless you."

The local police had suspected a plot to assassinate Gandhi and they had urged him not to appear at his scheduled prayer meeting. But Gandhi refused both to cancel his appearance and to accept police protection. Even to save his own life Gandhi would not resort to fighting violence with violence. This would put a lie to all he had lived for. And his death did not kill the truth of his life. Truth survives both those men who proclaim it and those men who deny it.

There is vivid reality in the movie's frequent scenes of India's splendor and squalor, colorful traditions and tense turmoil, crowded streets and wide-open spaces. Here, too, are the subtle portrayals of India's cultured, educated elite and the masses of untutored poor. India's problems are complex. Despite the seeming simplicity of the life of its peasant people. Religion is important to these masses. And among Hindus and other Indians, Gandhi is revered as a great religious, as well as political, leader. Rama is the name given to the god-like being of Hindus in Heaven. Hence, the title of the movie means nine hours to heaven or eternity.

The major Indian roles in this movie are played by a Western cast. Horst Buchholz portrays the young assassin. Jose Ferrer is quite real as the police superintendent who reveres Gandhi and desperately tries to save his life. Valerie Gearson plays the upper class Indian woman who becomes involved in an affair with Buchholz, and Diane Baker is the refugee girl turned prostitute whom he meets during his wanderings in Delhi on that fateful day.

But the outstanding performance is that of J. S. Casshyap, an Indian actor, whose appearance and voice are astonishingly real in the portrayal of Gandhi. The movie takes on dignity and intelligence during those few moments when we literally feel we are in the presence of one of the truly great men of our century.



## *Walking is a people's action*

An international team of fifteen people set out from New Delhi on March 1, beginning a 4000 mile journey to Peking, China. The group included Christians, Hindus and Buddhists. It was setting out on a mission to speak a word of reconciliation in the midst of a crisis in relationships between India and China. The banner of the group is nonviolence. While the members do not presume to say what should be done about the border clashes nor do they have the answers for all the problems of the world, they insist that the basis for any solution lies in the creation of a climate of friendship and the seeking of alternatives to violence.

Hundreds of Indians are joining the March as it passes from village to village. Some of the questions they ask are hostile, but there are evidences of friendliness and agreement. There are meetings with farmers, with village development workers, with members of Bar Associations in the cities and with the Indian peasants. There is a recurrent theme in the discussions: how can nonviolence be relevant at a time when hostilities are so high and war threatens? Is the Indian nation, even with the inheritance of Gandhi, ready for nonviolent resistance? If not, isn't violence a necessity?

As the March has steadily progressed toward East Pakistan, there has been a surprising degree of interest in this venture. Four governments a





## *Simple in operation, yet profound*

considering it and its implications. Volunteers are coming from Asia, the United States, Europe and Africa. The project is sponsored by the World Peace Brigade, an organization founded in Beirut, Lebanon, in 1961, to carry out international nonviolent actions. The fact that the March is being undertaken by an international group symbolizes the fact that there are implications beyond India and China for what is happening in that particular part of the world.

The conflict between India and China, reflected in part by this current border clash, is of high significance for the cause of peace. First, India and China represent two different approaches to the problem of social and economic development toward modern nationhood. That this "competition" should take on a military dimension, threatening to lead to an arms race between them, is a paramount issue for all of Asia. A protracted military struggle would involve the whole continent, and become a bitter chapter in the cold war. Second, neutralism has been further downgraded as an effective force. While India still talks of nonalignment, in actuality such a policy has been seriously compromised. The process of lining up nations on one side or the other grinds on relentlessly. Third, the increased isolation of China from the rest of the world is likely to have unfortunate results in

# *Such experiments in understanding*

international politics. Whatever the difficulties, attempts at communication, especially people to people, should be attempted.

Other nations in Southeast Asia, Pakistan and Burma in particular, have been drawn into the orbit of the India-China crisis. The marchers plan to pass through both of these countries, and the very fact of their presence may well have an impact upon the thinking of many people there. But the March can have an impact only if the participants are very clear at the point: they are all dedicated to nonviolence, have protested the military preparations of their own country, and in the present situation insist that the ties that bind people to each other must be paramount over any political struggles that divide them or threaten to do so. It is easy to be in favor of friendship in the abstract, but here the marchers are called upon to be creative in expressing what friendship means in the very midst of tense hostilities, and estrangement.

Walking is a potent symbol. The pilgrimage, the parade, Gandhi's march to the sea, the Negroes of Montgomery walking instead of riding on segregated busses, Vinoba Bhave walking over India securing land for the landless peasants, peace walks—all of these are symbols of concern taking the form of action. Walking is a "people's action," simple in its operation but profound in its possible meanings. (Read Thoreau's essay on "Walking.")

There are difficult problems involved in carrying out international nonviolent actions: problems of organization, recruitment, discipline, decision-making, etc. Participants are devoted to differing religious practices and daily disciplines. The actions may take place in complicated political situations where no ready-made answers are apparent. Nevertheless, such experiments in understanding, "speaking the truth in love," are imperative. We are exhorted to "cease to do evil, learn to do good," and the learning process is often painful. Meekness (willingness to learn), repentance (willingness to unlearn), and courage (willingness to try out what has been learned) are indispensable. Humble people, committed to such experiments in truth and nonviolence, may be able to discover "paths to peacemaking" that never could have been found until somebody set out in faith to find them.

—CHARLES C. WALKER



At this moment Charles Walker is one of the Americans participating in the New-Delhi-Peking March. His present position in the United States is college secretary for the Middle Atlantic Region of the American Friends Service Committee. He is one of the founding members of the World Peace Brigade and is the author of a handbook, "Organizing for Nonviolent Direct Action." He has travelled extensively in Europe, the Middle East and Africa.

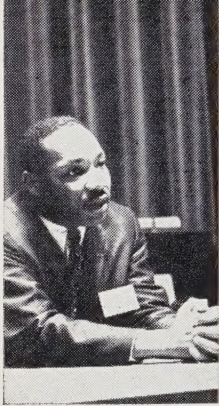


*re urgent / they speak the truth in love*

Marchers for peace work both at home and abroad. American peace marchers took ten months in a walk from San Francisco to Moscow two years ago. They handed out pamphlets to Russian peasants (top photo) on a hay wagon near the Soviet capital. Crisis situations often inspire marchers in New York City to demonstrate their opinions (bottom photo).







When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was jailed several months ago for his integration efforts in Birmingham, Ala., a group of local ministers and a rabbi criticized his activities as "unwise, untimely and extreme," as outside agitators coming in, and showing disrespect for law and encouraging violence. The following are excerpts from Dr. King's reply written by him while he was in jail.

## *a letter from jail*

*from an epistle to dissenting clergymen*

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

. . . I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the eighth century prophets left their little villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, I too am compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my particular hometown. . . . Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly. . . .

- I have earnestly worked and preached against violent tension, but there is a type of constructive non-violent tension that is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having non-violent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men to rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. So the purpose of non-violent direct action is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. . . .

- We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. . . . For years now I have heard the word "Wait!" It rings in the ear of every Negro with familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied." We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. . . .

- One may well ask, "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer is found in the fact that there are two types of laws. There are just laws and there are unjust laws. I would agree with Saint Augustine that "an unjust law is no law at all." . . . How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. . . . Any law that uplifts human personality



is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. . . . So I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court because it is morally right and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong. . . .

● I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Council or the Klu Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice. . . . Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection. . . .

● You asserted that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. . . . Isn't this like condemning Jesus because his unique God consciousness and never-ceasing devotion to God's will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see, as Federal courts have consistently affirmed, that it is immoral to urge an individual to withdraw his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest precipitates violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber. . . .

● Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. . . . The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these non-violent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. . . .

● I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist for love? Was not Amos an extremist for justice? Was not Paul an extremist for the Gospel of Jesus Christ? . . . So the question is not whether we will be extremist, but what kind of extremist will we be. Will we be extremists for hate or will we be extremists of love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of justice, or will we be extremists for the cause of justice? . . .

● In deep disappointment, I have wept over the laxity of the church. But, be assured that my tears have been tears of love. . . . Yes, I see the church as the body of Christ. But, oh, how we have blemished and scarred the body through social neglect and fear of being nonconformists. . . . If the church of today does not recapture the sacrificial spirit of the early church, it will lose its authentic ring, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and be dismissed as an irrelevant social club with no meaning for the 20th century. I am meeting young people every day whose disappointment with the church has risen to outright disgust. . . .

● We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham and all over the nation . . . because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands.

*Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood, Martin Luther King, Jr.*

# FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

## MY NEIGHBOR AND ME

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion

*Dear God, I am grateful for all you have given me—for my body that I may work and play, for my mind that I may think the truth, for my heart that I may feel what I cannot think, and for my soul that I may be one with you.*

*My Father, I am thankful I am not alone in this world. Life is nothing without my brothers. Only in fellowship with other human beings can I know the fullness of my being human—insight and instinct, compassion and conceit, joy and sorrow, love and indifference.*

*O God, you have blessed me and my brothers with both a uniqueness and a oneness. Although my face and physical features are mine alone, you have made us all of one blood. Although I have a name and clan to call my very own, you have made us one family of man who call the world our home. Although the personality that is me is nowhere else to be found, I see myself in my brother in Birmingham and other towns. Although I am blessed with freedom to be me, I recognize my responsibility to all humanity.*

*Out of love for us, you have created all things good, O God, you have made man in your image, and you have sent us your son to show us the right way. Yet we, your children, have too often turned your good into evil, we have defiled your image by our selfish and prejudiced ways, and we have denied and crucified your son with our indifference. Father, how disappointed you must be in us. We are ashamed. We need your help. Do not forsake us. We need your love, O God, for Christ has shown us that love is your way for the world.*

*Help me to live the example which Christ set for me—when I am angered by my parents, when I am tempted by prejudice, when I am alone on a date, as I face life's decisions, when I pray for my enemies, and when I turn my thoughts to you. In Christ's name. Amen.*